

THE BLIND.

The bearer, having lost her eyesight, and having a family to support, and not wishing to become a burden to the public, takes this means of gaining a livelihood for herself and family, and most respectfully asks your assistance.

PLEASE BUY MY SONG.

PRICE—What you wish to give.

THE BLIND WOMAN'S APPEAL.

O, ye whose eyes are open to
The glorious light of day,
Consider how the darkness falls
Upon the blind woman's way ;
And let compassion's finger strike
Upon your heart's pure strings,
That Hope may o'er her darkened life
Throw her protecting wings.

Ah, me! Ah, me! the Blind one's lot
Is freighted deep with woe ;
The thorns that throng their daily path,
NONE BUT THE SIGHTLESS KNOW !
Then, O let Mercy's gentle voice
Soft o'er your senses steal,
And listen with kind Charity
To this—MY SAD APPEAL !

My fate is hard—I cannot work
As in the days gone by ;
Yet still must I my home support,
And all their wants supply :
God knows I would not shrink from work,
Nor hardships would I mind ;
But, ah, alas ! Hope's star is sunk ;
I'M BLIND—I'M BLIND—I'M BLIND.

As one by one the evening Stars
Forth from their chambers creep,
And twinkle in their rolling waves
Of ocean's waters deep,
There many glittering beauties rare,
Are not for such as me :
O God, my heart is crushed with grief,
Thy works I cannot see !

I hear my children's sweet, gentle voices,
But cannot meet their eyes ;
I feel the pressure of their loving kiss,
Then turn away to sigh.
O think of this, ye happy ones,
In palace or in cot,
And drop a tear of pity for
My hard and wretched lot !

Then, oh, turn not away from this
My sorrowing Appeal,
And let the voice of Mercy, sweet,
Soft o'er your heart-strings steal,
And this pure truth, from Holy Writ,
Shall be your sweet reward—
That whosoever helps the poor
BUT LENDETH TO THE LORD.

O, when you read the Book of Life.
This lesson bear in mind—
That God the Saviour restored sight
Unto the helpless blind.
And He has left His followers here
To carry out his will ;
To say unto the Blind one's woes,
I bid you to be still.

Remember to that if on earth
You cast your blessings 'round,
They will yield rich and precious fruit,
In God's own Heavenly ground ;
And, O how great will be the joy
That unto you is given,
When the blind woman shall SEE and bless
Your entrance into HEAVEN :

It is only in a village that the whole of human life is revealed. Here every man lives in the open. Here the virtues are constantly exhibited, they excite no attention. They are expected. Here the vices are pilloried. They are odious. Erastus Pearl, lived over sixty years of his life in Hamilton, as clerk, merchant, neighbor, and church warden. It is only now that he is dead that we can observe that during all these long years, he lived a blameless life. He was gentle, considerate of others, slow to take offense, without malice, and full of the charity that "Thinketh no evil." It was impossible for him to suspect, or look for the false or the wrong. If the plain proof of evil was offered him, he simply dropped the subject. He suffered wrong more than once, but he entertained no resentment. He preferred to be defrauded rather than harbor suspicion, or forestall the injury. To doubt the intentions of any man was to humiliate himself.

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the company of his neighbors of his own age grow smaller he was the more attached to the few remaining. The memory of the gracious offices of that little multitude, who in the last days came silently into the old house to do the thousand things needed to be done, gives infinite comfort to his widow and his only child. It is in the village that he loved, that neighbors in time of sorrow forgot their own household duties, and unwearyingly give service by night and day, until the darkest hour is over. It is in Hamilton that woman like Mrs. Hull Gardiner, Mrs. C. T. Alvord, Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. E. B. Gaskill, make their neighbor's burdens and griefs their own. It is here too, unlike any other place in the world, where such neighbors as Mr. and Mrs. David Mott, empty their hearts and give up their

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